

Sheba's Game

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Summary: Sheba is still trying to figure out how old Piers is. When he doesn't tell her at first, she goes to drastic measures to get what she wants. No pairings one-shot. Rated T for language, OOC-ness, and strange content.

***Chapter 1*: Sheba's Game**

Sheba's Game

"Piers, would you come with me for a second?" Sheba inquired to the Lemurian, who was currently steering the ship. He turned around at the calling of his name, though, and nodded. He made eye contact with Felix, standing some distance away from him. The Venus Adept walked up to the tiller and took control, leaving Piers and Sheba to whatever they were going to do.

She led him down the steps into the cabins, feeling a little bit giddy. Too giddy. Piers picked up on this once they were inside Sheba's room. She motioned to the bed for him to sit down and he did reluctantly, still unsure of what was going on.

"Um..."

Sheba silenced him with a finger to her lips. She turned around and slammed the door, startling him with its thud. He averted his eyes awkwardly when she glanced back at him. He began to feel...weird. He rubbed his arms tenderly, still trying to avoid eye contact with her. He could just tell that something was off about her...but he didn't quite know what. The vibes she was giving off, though, especially with that devious grin plastered on her face, were really starting to creep him out.

He was surprised to say the least when she plopped down on the bed beside him, grabbing one of her pillows and clinging to it tightly.

"So tell me, Piers," she began, leaning her head back onto the bed, pillow on top of her torso. The Mercury Adept shifted his body so he was facing her, no longer so terrified that he would catch her eyes. *Wait, think about something else*, he told himself. *She might be using her Mind Read.*

He shuddered, though not visibly, and waited for her to continue.

She sighed. "Do you remember back on the ship some time ago, when I asked you how old you were?"

All of his previous fear left him as he facepalmed. This was what she wanted to talk about? So that's what the devious grin was about - she thought she was going to make him tell her how old he was? What was she going to do, torture him? Knowing Sheba, the only torture she could possibly muster was talking his ear off or licking him or something else weird.

But he responded anyway. "Yes. I recall that."

She smiled to herself then. "Are you ready to tell me?"

"No," he said flatly. "If this was all you wanted from me, I think I'll be going now - "

"NO!" Sheba shouted, springing up from the bed and tossing the pillow aside, shocking Piers to the point where he jumped a little. "You stay here, I'll be right back."

"Okay..." He sighed. This was getting to the creepy point again. Surely she wouldn't do anything bad if he just left - after all, he knew how seasick Felix could get at certain times and he didn't really feel like crashing into any icebergs anytime soon. He was just about to open the door when -

WHIP

"AH! What the hell - "

"TELL ME!" Sheba screamed at him. Piers turned around and his golden eyes widened with utter shock as he saw what she was holding in her hand. It was black. It was long. And it hurt badly.

"Is that a *WHIP*?" He rubbed his back tenderly, backing away as slowly as he could without her noticing. He was terrified.

Sheba grinned, patting the whip on her hand. "So, are you gonna tell me?"

"Tell you *what*? How old I am?"

WHIP

"AH!"

He crouched in the corner, arms raised up over his head, whimpering quietly.

She cackled. "Tell me how old you are, Piers," she demanded.

"No, Sheba. That-that's private information that only I and the Lemurians can know."

WHIP

"AH! Sheba, stop!" he begged, turning away from her and burying his head into the corner of the room, hands protective over his head and letting his back take the rap now.

"Not until you tell me how old you are."

"I can't, Sheba!"

WHIP

"OW! *Fine*, Sheba! Have it your way! Just get rid of that goddamned wh - "

"I'm waiting." She tapped her foot impatiently, readying the whip. Even though Piers couldn't see her he could *feel* her anguish and trembled slightly.

"Okay, okay! I'm really - "

"Sheba? What's going on in there?" a voice called from behind the door, cutting off Piers.

"Go away, Jenna!" Sheba commanded, bringing the whip up just incase the redhead decided to come in.

"Is Piers in there with you?"

Sheba contemplated for a second but decided it was best not to lie. After all, Jenna had probably looked everywhere else already, so she knew if the blonde would be lying.

"Yes," she responded, staring at the door.

Jenna huffed loudly. "Tell him he needs to come man the tiller again. Felix is having a seasick moment!"

At this, Sheba crouched down beside Piers and whispered into his ear, "You better tell her that you can't come out there yet." And for emphasis she lightly tapped the whip onto his shoulder blade, causing him to tremble and shake.

"O-okay," he managed. He cautiously took his hands off of his head when he felt the whip was no longer on him.

"Jenna?"

"Piers?"

"Yes. Listen, um, it's impossible for me to steer right now because, uh..." he paused, "Sheba and I are playing - playing a game!"

Jenna's eyes widened in fear as disturbing images crossed her mind. Her teenage interest was a bit piqued, however. "What...kind of game?" she inquired.

Piers gulped. "A fun game!"

The Mars Adept was thankful that there was a door between her and them, not only because of what she thought they were doing, but because of the blush that crept onto her face. She didn't want to think about it anymore.

She scowled after it set in. "Fine. I'll just heal him with Aura or something, then." She stomped off audibly, huffing as she hurried up the steps.

Sheba crouched down to Piers' ear again.

"Now, where were we?"

Piers gulped again. But for the sake of his sanity, he complied. "Alright, Sheba. I'll tell you how old I am."

She giggled childishly, clapping her hands, the whip dangling from her fingers.

He sighed. "I'm really (**CENSORED**) years old, Sheba." He hung his head in shame.

Sheba's mouth was agape. "Wow..." was all she could manage. "That's more than (**CENSORED**) times my age."

They sat in an uncomfortably awkward(for Piers, anyway)silence until Piers cleared his throat.

"So, uh, I really must be getting back to the tiller now. Poor Felix is - "

WHIP

"OW! Sheba, what was *that* for?" He resumed his position, hands atop his head, crouching as far into the corner as he could.

She grinned. "Tell me how old Kraden is."

A/N: I love Piers. I really do. :(